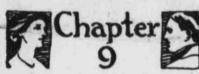
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By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER 1-Jack Orde, lumberman, has his drive of logs held up by a dam built by an irascible mill no kinder lot of men on earth. There owner, II-Orde declares war on Reed, the mill owner. III-A stranger named Newmark joins Orde's river crew. IV. V and VI-The drive goes down river, having many adventures, and Orde invades a gambling house at Redding and outwits the sharp- ed Jane Hubbard behind them. "Can't ers. VII and VIII-Newmark suggests you make it a to be continued in our to Orde that they found a log driving company. IX-Orde meets Carroll Bishop, a beautiful New York girl. X and XI-The log driving company is formed by Orde and Newmark and begins business.



THINK I'll go see Jane Hubbard this evening." Orde remarked to

Every Sunday Jane Hubbard offered to all who came a "Sunday night lunch." and the refreshments were served by the guests themselves. Orde found about the usual crowd gathered. Jane herself, tall, deliberate in and out of melodies and modula in movement and in speech, kindly and thoughtful, talked in a corner with Ernest Colburn, who was just out of college and who worked in a bank. Orde, standing in the doorway, looked upon quite the usual thing, only he missed the Incubus. Searching the room with his eyes, he at length discovered that incoherent, desiccated, but persistent youth vis-a-vis with a stranger. Orde made out the white of her gown in the shadows, the like a child's. willowy outline of her small and slender figure and the gracious forward bend of her head.

"So you're back at last, are you, Jack?" drawled Jane in her lazy, good natured way. "Come and meet Miss Bishop. Carroll, I want to present Mr.

Orde bowed ceremoniously. The girl inclined gracefully her small head with the glossy hair. The Incubus, his sallow face twisted in a wry smile, held to the edge of his chair with characteristic pertinacity.

"Well, Walter," Orde addressed him genially, "are you having a good time?"

"Yes, indeed!" His chair was planted squarely to sclude all others Orde surveyed the

situation with good humor. "Going to keep the other fellow from

getting a chance, I see." "Yes, indeed!"

Orde bent over and, with great ease, lifted Incubus, chair and all, and set him facing Mignonne Smith and the croquet ball. "Here, Mignonne," said he, "I've

brought you another assistant." He returned to the lamp to find the girl, her dark eyes alight with amusement, watching him intently,

"Walter is a very bright man in his own line," said Orde, swinging forward a chair, "but he mustn't be allowed any monopolies."

"How d. you know I want him so summarily removed?" the girl asked "We'l," argued Orde, "I got him to

say all he ever says to any girl, 'Yes, indeed!' so you couldn't have any more conversation from him. Besides, I want to talk to you myself."

"Do you always get what you want?" inquired the girl. Orde laughed.

"Any one can get anything he wants if only he wants it bad enough," he

asserted.

"Some people," she amended, "However, I forgive you. I will even flatter you by saying I am glad you came. You look to have reached the age of discretion. I venture to say that these boys' idea of a lively evening is to throw bread about the table."

Orde flushed a little. The last time he had supped at Jane Hubbard's that was exactly what they did do.

"They are young, of course," he said. "and you and I are very old and wise." "Now, tell me, what do you do?" "What do I do?" asked Orde, puz-

zled. "Yes. Everybody does something

out west here.' "I'm a river driver just now."

"A river driver?" she repeated. "Why, I've just been hearing a great deal about you from Mrs. Baggs. 'Oh!" said Orde. "Then you know

what a drunken, swearing, worthless lot of toughs we are, don't you?" "There is Hell's Half Mile," she re-

minded him. "Oh, yes," said Orde bitterly, "there's Hell's Half Mile! Whose fault is that? My rivermen's-my boys? Look here! I suppose you couldn't understand it if you tried a month. But suppose you were working out in the woods nine months of the year. Suppose you slept in rough blankets on the ground or in bunks, ate rough food, never saw a woman or a book, undertook work to scare your city men up a tree, risked Newmark.

your life a dozen times a week in a tangle of logs, with the big river roaring behind just waiting to swallow you; saw nothing but woods and river, were cold and hungry and wet and so tired you couldn't wiggle. And then suppose you hit town, where there were all the things you hadn't had, and the first thing you struck was Hell's Half Mile. Say, you've seen water behind a jam, haven't you? Water power's a good thing in a mill course, where it has wheels to turn, but behind a jam it just rips things. Oh, what's the use talking? A girl doesn't know what it means. She couldn't understand."

"I think I begin to understand a little," said she softly. "But they are a heartless class in spite of all their courage, aren't they?'

"Heartless!" exploded Orde. "There's isn't a man on that river who doesn't chip in five or ten dollars when a man is hurt or killed, and that means three or four days' hard work for him. And he may not know or like the injured man at all. Why"-

"What's all the excitement?" drawlnext? We're most starved."

"Yes, indeed!" chimed the Incubus. The company trooped out to the dining room, where the table, spread with all the good things, awaited them.

To Orde's relief no one threw any bread, although the whole hearted fun grew boisterous enough before the close of the meal.

In spite of her half scornful references to "bread throwing" Miss Bishop joined with evident pleasure in the badinage.

After the meal was finished Orde, with determination, made his way to Miss Bishop's side. She turned to the piano, struck a few chords, and his mother as he arose from the then, her long hands wandering idly and softly up and down the keys, she smiled at them over her shoulder.

Song followed song, at first quickly, then at longer intervals. The girl still sat at the piano, her head thrown back idly, her hands wandering softly

tions. Orde finally saw only the shimmer of her white figure and the white outline of her head and throat. At last her hands fell in her lap. She sat looking straight ahead of her.

Orde came to her. That was a wonderfully beautiful thing," said he. . "What was it?" She turned to him, and he saw that

the mocking had gone from her eyes and mouth, leaving them quite simple, He hesitated and stammered awk-

wardly. "It was so still and soothing it made me think of the river sometimes about dusk. What was it?" "It wasn't anything. I was impro-

vising." "You made it up yourself?"

"It was myself, I suppose. I love to build myself a garden and wander on until I lose myself in it. I'm glad there was a river in the garden-a nice. still, twilight river." At this moment the outside deor

opened to admit Mr. and Mrs. Hub ard, who had, according to their usua evening with a neighbor. The company began to break up.

Orde pushed his broad shoulders in to screen Carroll Bishop from the oth-

"Are you staying here?" be asked. "I'm visiting Jane."

"Are you going to be here long?" was Orde's next question. "About a month."

"I am coming to see you," announced Orde. "Good night."

He took her hand, dropped it and followed the others into the hall, leaving her standing by the lamp. She watched him until the outer door had closed behind him. Jane Hubbard, returning after a moment from the hall, found her at the plane again, her head slightly one side, playing with painful and accurate exactness a simple one finger melody.

Reaching his home, Orde walked confidently to the narrow stairs and ascended them. Subconsciously he avoided the creaking step, but outside his mother's door he stopped, arrested by a greeting from within.

"That you, Jack?" queried Grandma Orde.

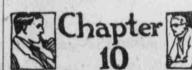
For answer Orde entered. He made out the great square bed and divined the tiny figure of his mother.

"Mother," said he abruptly, "I've met the girl I want for my wife." Grandma Orde sat up in bed.

"Who is she?" she demanded. "Her name is Carroll Bishop," said Orde, "and she's visiting Jane Hub-

bard." "Yes, but who is she?" insisted Grandma Orde. "Where is she from?" Orde stared at her in the dim light.





HE next evening on reaching home Orde found that Newmark had preceded him by some few moments.

After supper Orde led the way up two flights of narrow stairs to his

"Well," said he, "I've made up my mind today to go in with you. It may not work out, but it's a good chance. I don't know who you are nor how much of a business man you are, but I'll risk ft."

"I'm putting in \$20,000," pointed out

"And I'm putting in my everlastifig reputation," said Orde. "If we tell these fellows that we'll get out their logs for them and then don't do it I'll be dead around here."

Newmark pursued the subject. "I've no objection to telling you about myself. New York born and bred; experience with Cooper & Dunne, brokers, eight years. Money from a legacy. Mammoth Convention at Parents dead. No relatives to speak

Orde nodded gravely. "Now," said Newmark, "have you

had time to do any figuring?" "Well," replied Orde, "I have a rough idea." He produced a bundle of scribbled papers from his coat pocket. "I take Daly as a sample, because I've been with his outfit. It costs him to run and deliver his logs 100 miles about \$2 a thousand feet. He's the only big manufacturer up here. I suppose it costs the other nine firms from two to two and a half a thousand."

Newmark jotted down figures. "Do these men all conduct separate

drives?" he inquired. "All but Proctor and old Heinzman. They pool in together."

"Now," went on Newmark, "if we were to drive the whole river, how

could we improve on that?" "In the first place we wouldn't need so many men. I could run the river on 300 easy enough. That saves wages and grub on 200 right there. And, of productive worers ever held in the course, a few improvements on the river would save time, which in our case would mean money. We would not need so many separate cook outfits and all that. Then, too, if we agreed to sort and deliver we'd have to build sorting booms down at Monrovia."

"Suppose we had all that. What, for example, do you reckon you could bring Daly's logs down for?"

Orde fell into deep thought. "I suppose somewhere about a dollar," he announced at last. He looked up a trifle startled. "Why," he cried, "that looks like big money! A hundred per cent!"

Newmark smiled. a few cents to that dollar. And then all our improvements will be valueless after we've got through using them. You said yesterday they'd probably stand us in \$75,000. Even at a dollar a little less than they could them- the meeting. selves."

"That's so," agreed Orde, crestfallen "However," said Newmark briskly as he arose, "there's good money in it. as you say. Now, how soon can you leave Daly?"

"By the middle of the week." "That's good. Then we'll go into this matter of expense thoroughly and establish our schedule of rates to sub



[To be Continued.]

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St. Louis.

OCCURS MAY 2 TO MAY 8 NEXT

Two Farmers Organizations to Confer-May Mean Closer Relations.

To all members and oficers of the American Society of Equity:

The Farmers' Educational Co-operative Union of America, an organization of farmers embracing the Southern States on practically the same plan as the American Society of Equity covers the Northern States, are arranging for the first and most gigantic national Mass Convention of world. Farmers and laborers of all kinds, clerks in stores and offices, workers in mines, factories and forests, mechanics, etc., are all invited to join in this convention. It will be assembled at St. Louis one entire week, May 2nd to May 8th, with three

sessions every day. A special invitation has been extended to the American Society of Equit to meet with the Co-operative Union in joint conference for the purpose of considering a plan for a

closer union. Believing this to be the opportunity "Hold on," said be. "I don't know of the age for American productive anything about this business, but I producers and consumers to begin a can see a few things. In the first movement that will not only check place, close figuring will probably add the recently prevailing tendency to get the farmers and other classes of workers further and further apart, but actually tend to draw them closer and closer together, we earnestly urge profit we'd have to drive 75,000,000 be- al local unions to have at least one fore we got a cent back. And, of delegate present so as to get a percourse, we've got to agree to drive for sonal report from the members of

> We also urge all members and officers of the American Society of Equity who can possibly do so to attendas individuals and to see that organizations of farmers in their respective communities are represented in the convention. We further urge all farmers not belonging to any organization to come. Let every A. S. of E. member bring one non-member

with him. American Society of Equity headquarters will be maintained at the Planters Hotel during the convention. A hall will be provided in which all members of the A. S. of E. present may assemble from time to time to discuss any matters of importance

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By S. D. Kump, Secretary-Treas-

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According to the Crow. "How far is it between these two

towns?" asked the lawyer. "About four miles as the flow

cries," replied the witness. "You mean as the cry flows." "No," put in the judge, "he means

as the fly crows." And they all looked at each other, feeling that something was wrong.

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